HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY.

THE

FIFTH PERFORMANCE

OF THE

GRAND ORATORIO OF

MOSES IN EGYPT,

THE MUSIC BY ROSSINI,

With words translated expressly for this Society,

BY GEORGE S. PARKER, A. M.

WILL BE GIVEN

ON SUNDAY EVEN'G, FEB. 26th, 1854.

AT THE

BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

WITH THE VOCAL ASSISTANCE OF

Mr. THOMAS BALL,	as	PHARAOH, King of Egypt.
Mr. A. ARTHURSON,		OSIRIS, his Son, { Opposed to the departure of the Israelites, from love to the daughter of Moses.
Miss ANNA STONE,		NICAULE, Queen of Egypt.
Mr. H. M. AIKEN,		MOSES of Israel.
Mrs. E. A. WENTWORTH,		ESTHER, } Daughters of Moses.
Miss S. E. BROWN,		ALMATEA, }
Mr. B. WHEAT,		AARON, Brother of Moses.

WITH ORCHESTRAL ACCOMPANIMENTS BY THE

GERMANIA MUSICAL SOCIETY.

Conductor, Mr. BERGMANN. Organist, Mr. MULLER.

NOTICE.

The audience are respectfully but earnestly requested to abstain from applause during the performance.

DOORS OPEN AT 6 O'CLOCK. PERFORMANCE COMMENCES AT 7.

TICKETS AT 50 CENTS,

To be had at the principal Hotels, Music Stores, and at the Doors on the Evening of the Concert.

Alfred Mudge, Printer, 21 School Street.

PART I.

INTRODUCTION.

CHORUS *of Egyptians,—during the plague of darkness.*

Chorus. Oh hear us, O God!
This dark terrific veil
Thou canst alone dispel;

Osiris, Nicaule, Pharaoh.
'Gainst Thine Almighty will
Our hearts no more rebel.

Chorus. O God of Israel, hear!
Oh let Thine anger fall
Only upon his head,
Whose counsels from his faith
A perjured king misled.

Pharaoh. What pangs of keen remorse
Rend now my heart in twain!
It yields its stubborn pride,
Yielding, alas! in vain.

Osiris. A suppliant people pray —
Pardon, O Lord, bestow.

Nicaule. How bowed is Egypt's pride,
This awful day of woe.

Chorus. See at thy feet, O king,
Thy faithful subjects bend;
Against Almighty Power
Why yet in vain contend?

Pharaoh. Bring hither Moses!

Osiris. Oh anguish — *Nicaule.* Oh joy —

Chorus. Oh joyful order —

Nicaule. Ah, well dost thou decide —

Pharaoh. I yield my stubborn pride.

Chorus. Oh joy — again will heaven
Appear serene and fair.

Osiris. Again this Hebrew's power
To thwart I must despair.

Chorus. O Lord, before thy throne
Thy mourning people bend;
'Tis on Thy grace alone
Our lives, our hopes depend.

RECITATIVE.

Pharaoh. Mighty God of the Hebrews, late I acknowledge Thine avenging hand, whose wrath — oh folly — to Egypt's fearful harm I have defied.

Moses. He, O King, whom thou call'st, behold, is nigh thee. What means this summons? Wilt thou repeat thy daring insults and thy blasphemy to God, who of His power hath already given thee proof?

Pharaoh. If by thy power thou remove from Egypt this horrid darkness, then thou — thy people — shall, where ye please, depart; no more will I retract my given promise.

Moses. For this, that God, who willingly forgives and slow chastises, hears again thy word, and tries thy faith. When at His word appears returning light, thine eyes and ev'ry sense confounding, thou and thy house His name adore.

INVOCATION.

Eternal, Almighty, unsearchable Jehovah! Oh Thou, who watchest over Thy servants' safety, —Whose open hand pours forth abundant mercies,— Oh Thou, who know'st our hearts, and all our deeds impartial weigh'st, — Thou, who art the Holy, the Just One, the Strong One, — Whose wrath requites th' oppressor of Thy people, — now glorify Thy name,— Thy clemency display,— and with new wonder to repentant Egypt the light that disappeared, again restore!

Chorus. Ah! wondrous power! oh joyful day!
Oh Light, we bid thee welcome!

CANON.

Moses, Aaron.
Celestial Lord of Mercy,
On earth exists that being,
Who, these thy wonders seeing,
Can doubt Thy power and love!

Almatea, Osiris, Pharaoh.
Surprise and awe oppress me!
'Mid these thy works stupendous,
What heart, Oh pow'r tremendous,
Can still rebellious prove?

SCENA.

Aaron. Egyptians —

Moses. King of Egypt —

Aaron. Oh, may this glorious light
Your darkened minds illume!

Moses. And God, the mighty Lord,
Shall love you as his sons.

Pharaoh. No more! ere grows the noon-day,
Shall ye and all your people
Toward the desert, where ye will,
Hasten in safety on your way.

Osiris. Nay first consider —
Why thus resign thy power!

Nicaule. My son, why thus oppose?
Why is thy heart thus hardened?

Aaron. Yield to the will of Heav'n.

Pharaoh. Vain to resist God's will.

Moses (to Osiris.) Cease, ungrateful!

Nicaule, Aaron, Pharaoh, Moses, with Chorus.
Let ev'ry heart and voice
In grateful concerts join;
Heav'n's bow of peace again
O'er all unfolds.

Osiris. Oh, day of bitterness,
Israel's victorious!
Its light no joy nor hope
To me unfolds.

RECITATIVE.

Osiris. And have ye, cruel fates, more ills for me in store? A few brief hours, and she I cherished leaves me, alas! forever. I count not all for lost, if but her I yet retain. Ah see — she comes, distracted in mein, pale and sad in look; she, too, must suffer.

Esther. Oh, my Prince, do I find thee?

Osiris. Joy of my being!

Esther. Scarcely for a moment I hasten from my people, avoiding every eye, only to see thee, and speak my last farewell. We forever must part.

Osiris. Can'st thou then leave me?

DUET.

Osiris. Ah, what fate, what envious power,
Hath our joy thus changed to sadness —
Bids thee leave these scenes of gladness,
Darken'd now by hope betray'd?

Esther. Ah, 'tis God, the Lord of Israel,
Who forbids our sinful pleasure;
He, alas! withdraws their treasure,
From the hearts that scorn'd his aid.

Both. Yes, 'tis true, { the gods do / that God doth } favor,
Those who holy rev'rence cherish;
Empty pride is doomed to perish;
Living hopes on Heav'n are stayed.

MARCH. [*The Israelites gathering for their departure.*]

Esther. Hark! that sound calls Israel's faithful;
I, alas! must quickly leave thee.

Osiris. Oh, ye Powers, who thus bereave me,
Give me strength the blow to bear.

Esther. God will strengthen —

Osiris. He will not hear me.

Esther. Oh, revere Him —

Osiris. Troubles near me
Make me own the God of Israel;
May I stay his wrath, obeying?

Esther. God receives the heathen praying —

Osiris. He, offended, will not hear.

RECITATIVE.

Nicaule. My fears are confirmed — danger yet presses. Oh Pharaoh, though round thy palace th' Egyptians loudly clamor, demanding that thou delay the Hebrews departing, why should'st thou yield thy just decision?

Pharaoh. No more — Osiris, thy precious counsels give me light; I see the Hebrew wiles. Thyself shalt bear mine order; and if from Egypt a single Hebrew move, to bitter death his head devote.

Osiris. Oh joy!

Nicaule. Consider, Pharaoh, thou wilt repent.

Pharaoh. Cease, my queen,— enough, I have resolved; and let th' audacious Moses tremble at my rage, if he pretend to thwart me.

CHORUS *of Israelites.*

Men. To God in heav'n — glory be giv'n;
Exalt His name with sacred praise.

Women. Earth's utmost ends, His power transcends;
E'en faithless Egypt learns his ways.

Aaron. Loudly to God in joyful hymns
Grateful let Israel sing;
Tune to triumphant notes the harp,
And strike each warbling string.

Esther. The Lord has giv'n his people
The favors they implored,
And Jacob's captive race
To freedom has restored.

Chorus. To God in heaven, glory be given:
Earth's utmost bounds, His love surrounds.

Aaron. Him timbrels celebrate,
Virgins graceful dancing,

Esther. Harps with melodious string,
His praise advancing.

Chorus. Wonder and dread — awful shall spread
Through mighty nations yet unborn,
When by His hand — Oh Egypt's land
These judgments done they trembling learn.
Your voices raise — To sound his praise.
His glorious name — With joy proclaim.

AIR. — *Esther.*

All is about me smiling;
Thou only, rebel heart,
'Mid songs, our toil beguiling,
Conceal'st the tears that start.

Great God, if now before Thee
Unclean my passion prove,
Oh make me to adore Thee
With ardent sacred love.

Nicaule. In tears, my dearest friend —
Esther. Pardon me, thou know'st my heart.
Nicaule. Thy passion to thy God is hateful —
Esther. To thee, alas, and thine ungrateful.
Nicaule. Subdue it.
Esther. Help me, Heav'n!

DUET.

Nicaule. The heart that Him obeyeth,
Thy God will ne'er despise.
Esther. My broken heart, that prayeth,
On Him for rest relies.

SCENA.

Moses. Osiris!
Osiris. 'Tis I.
Moses. Thy message —
Why art thou hither speeding?
Osiris. I come, thy march impeding;
This word my father sends:
The order he recalleth,
That raised thy servile station;
The journey of thy nation
The king again suspends.
Aaron. Ah, how perfidious!
Moses. My friends,
Oh, doubt not,— God hath spoken;
We go by His great might.
Osiris. The spells thou wov'st are broken;

Nicaule, Aaron, Esther, Moses.

Hard heart, God veils thy sight.
Esther. Waken! oh, thou sleepest,—
Osiris. I fear not.
Esther. Death thou reapest —
Moses. Ere this day's sun expire,
The Lord, with hail and fire,
All Egypt shall appal.
Osiris. Thy spells, thy fiends assemble —
Again I scorn them.
Nicaule. Tremble —
Repent! God's fearful anger
Thou wilt upon thee call.
Osiris. I fear not — yet I dare Him —

Aaron, Nicaule, Esther.

Oh God, we pray thee, spare him —
Awful his words — Oh, spare him —
Moses. God's wrath on him shall fall!

SESTETT.

Esther, Almatea, Aaron, Moses, Pharaoh.

At the mem'ry of awful judgments,
Trembleth, fainteth my troubled spirit —

Osiris. Yet the mem'ry of awful judgments
Bids me think what I may merit.

Esther, Almatea, Aaron, Moses.

Though the sinner bloom at morning,
Yet at noon his beauty wasteth;
Though in mercy God aboundeth,
Yet doth justice form His throne.

Osiris and Pharaoh.

Though of God the pardon scorning,
Yet I know His anger hasteth;
Trembling fear my heart astoundeth
Lest on me His wrath be shown.
Osiris. My father, this rebel boldly refuses—
Moses. My lord, I ne'er imagined that thou would'st dare thy promised leave suspend.
Pharaoh. Vassal! I said and wish it.
Moses. Ah, then 'tis true.
Pharaoh. Thy pride now relinquish — Go to thy labor —
Nicaule. Turn thee, my lord.
Osiris. Let death his treason repay.
Esther. What say'st thou?
Pharaoh. If new designs he plotteth,
His life shall surely end.
Moses. Thyself shalt learn to tremble,
When God shall come in terror;
Then haste, thy foolish error
In season to amend.
Pharaoh. Slave, cease in vain to menace —
Think of thy base condition —
Nor to thy king contrition
Boldly to teach pretend.
Moses. Praise to the God of Judah,
Who yet His own defendeth;
Round him who Thee offendeth,
Thine awful lightning send!

TEMPESTA.

Pharaoh. Heav'n, whence this whirlwind?
Nicaule. Fire rains, oh wonder!
Osiris. Ah, darts the lightning —
Esther and Aaron. Ah, roars the thunder!
All. Terrific fears my soul o'erflow!

Moses, Aaron, Chorus.

Thus God chastiseth presumptuous error,
He smiteth sinners with sudden terror;
Thus He destroys th' insulting foe.
Esther. This fearful judgment my heart astoundeth;
My guilty passion thus God confoundeth;
The pangs of keen remorse I know.

Pharaoh and Osiris.

How cursed the nation who God's wrath tasteth!
Oh, wretched Egypt, thy beauty wasteth,
Consumed by His avenging blow.

PART II.

INTRODUCTION.

QUARTETTE. — *Almatea, Osiris.*

Oh, hear me, Jehovah,
Thy mercy imploring;
Deliver Thy servant,
That trusteth in Thee.

Esther, Aaron.

Oh, hear them, Jehovah,
In sorrow adoring;
Deliver Thy servants,
Thus trusting in Thee.
Almatea, Osiris. Thine anger destroyeth —
Esther, Aaron. Thy mercy restoreth —
All. From thy dread displeasure
Oh bid us be free.

RECITATIVE.

Pharaoh. Brighter and brighter glows the face of heav'n restored. His sacred promise doth the God of Israel keep. Here I give thee, Aaron, the royal order, that bids thy people from Egypt hasten, and sets them free from bondage. (*to Osiris.*) Thou, my dearest son, shalt feast thy soul in gladness. Armenia's monarch accepts the proffered union, and in the royal princess welcome thy bride.
Osiris. What news is this? Shall I ever hide my secret passion, or shall I boldly brave my father's wrath?
Pharaoh. What ails my son? Sorrow clouds thy face — what source of pain and torment dost thou in secret nourish?

DUET.

Osiris. Reveal — unseal — I may not
These pains my breast that sever;
And yet mine anguish never
Can be with aught compared.

Pharaoh. Kind heav'n no more remembers
Its wrath that late impended,
By tender love defended,
For thee is joy prepared.
Osiris. No, all my hopes are faded —
Pharaoh. What grief thy days has shaded?
Osiris. Ah, yet I dare not —
Pharaoh. Reveal it —
Osiris. Ah no, that I conceal it
The cruel fates demand.
Pharaoh. Thy father's love would heal it,—
Why thus that love withstand?
Come, speak — reveal it.
Osiris. To wisdom's ways a stranger
I merit not thy counsel;
I fly 'mid war and danger
To drown mine aching heart.
Pharaoh. Sorrow that makes thee languish
Thy father's care awaketh;
Whate'er thy secret anguish,
My love shall peace impart.

RECITATIVE.

Moses. Most gracious queen, what goodness proclaims thy noble heart. 'Tis by thy counsel, thy ever watchful care, the bonds of Israel now are broken.
Nicaule. Thy departure now, oh, quickly hasten, lest, by thy foes persuaded, Pharaoh yet revoke his promise. And since thou leav'st me in faith as yet uncertain, rememb'ring oft this heart repentant, oh, pray thy God to guide me.

AIR.

My weary soul, o'erburden'd,
'Mid doubt and darkness sigheth:
Oh God, to Thee it crieth —
This night convert to-day.

Chorus. Oh, cheer thee — God will hear thee,—
He will His truth display.
Grieve not, for faith shall triumph —
Pursue its guiding ray.

Nicaule. Ah, when the fire celestial
Within the heart is lighted,
'Twill chase from souls benighted
The clouds of sin away.

RECITATIVE.

Esther. Take then, Osiris, take the royal bride; while I, content and happy, rest a simple Jewish maiden. 'Tis our duty to God, and He will bless us.

DUET.

Esther. Joys that vanish, fleeting pleasures,
Ever vainly ye are courting —
Osiris. May thy virtue, me supporting,
Make me endless comfort find.
Esther. May delights eternal follow
All our hopes to heav'n consign'd.
Both. Source of strength, oh, with Thy blessing
Crown our anxious, weak endeavor,
If with hours of grief distressing
Thou wilt prove our hearts resign'd.

RECITATIVE.

Pharaoh. I know thine aim: — that with my foe, the king of Moab, thou, O Moses, thy Hebrews may join.

Moses. Such artful pretence dar'st thou offer to God? thee and thy foe He like the dust can scatter in a moment.

Pharaoh. Forced by weighty reasons, my people's weal affecting, I must recall the granted freedom.

Moses. Oh perjured, oh false, inconstant king! Thou know'st not yet, that for thy folly th' offended God of Israel shall thine own royal house visit with destruction. Proud king, thy princely heir shall be, with all the first-born sons of Egypt, by heav'n's lightning blasted.

Pharaoh. Never! Osiris shall share my power, and scorn, as I, thy malice. For thee, in prison shalt thou languish, where from ling'ring death not e'en thy God shall save thee.

AIR. — *Moses.*

Yes, with fetters thine order shall bind me,
In fury destruction thou threat'nest;
But thou see'st not (thy passions so blind thee)
Now o'ertakes thee the anger of Heav'n.

Mid afflictions and troubles repentant,
Shall too late bitter agony rend thee;
Then for mercy in vain shalt thou bend thee,
Which shall ne'er to the faithless be giv'n.

This the mercy, wretched Israel,
After countless years are wasted,—
Every source of sorrow tasted,—
This the love thou can'st inspire.

On our woes, our cruel bondage,
On the joy thou fiercely provest,
Feast in full, but him thou lovest,
At thy feet behold expire.

RECITATIVE.

Pharaoh. This empty boasting shall quickly end. This hour I share my throne; and you, my trusty nobles, welcome your monarch.

CHORUS.

Sire, thine unfailing bounty
Joy on our land bestoweth;
For love that freely floweth
Grateful thy name we bless.
Mirror of thy great virtues,
Thy son all praise excelleth,
When Strength with Wisdom dwelleth,
Shall earth your power confess.

RECITATIVE.

Pharaoh. Yes, my faithful subjects, in him you 'll find a sov'reign as faithful. Nicaule, thou only mournest —

Nicaule. Yes, Pharaoh, 'tis folly, rejoicing in woe; this moment, thy people — thy very son — with death are threatened. Yield to thy fate — deliver Moses — its peace restore to Egypt, and bid th' impatient Hebrews hasten to the desert,— haply thou may'st avert God's rightful anger; thy son shall live and reign, nor shall expiate thy fault, nor fall thy victim.

AIR.

When he thou lov'st may perish,
Oh think, thy word can save him;
To guard that life I gave him,
Mine own I would bestow.
Chorus. Him, whom thy people cherish,
Save from this fatal blow.

SCENA.

Nicaule. Oh Pharaoh, yield thee, ere tidings come of wrath.

Aaron. Oh Pharaoh — oh Queen of Egypt — how shall I tell you the tidings — news that will rend your hearts —

Nicaule. Oh, speak not! I know it — my son!

Pharaoh. Foolish this terror. Speak — what are thy tidings?

Nicaule. Spare me, Oh God, oh spare thy servant —

Aaron. Osiris, this hour within the palace, by lightning from heaven has perished.

——— *Chorus.* Ah!

Moses. Thus God destroys in anger
The proud insulting foe.

Pharaoh. Oh my son, dearest son, how hast thou fallen!

Aaron, Nicaule, Chorus. Oh horror!

Nicaule. What desolation equals
A mother's bitter sorrow!
For him there is no morrow,
Who made my joy below.

Nicaule. With terror, distraction, and anguish,
My goaded breast is riven;
Forever mine honor, my glory,
To dark despair are driven.
Yes, burst my heart o'erburdened,
Nor bide this fatal blow.

Chorus. Oh Egypt, land of misery,
Oh awful day of woe!

SYMPHONY. — [*The Israelites wandering on the borders of the Red Sea.*]

RECITATIVE.

Esther. Ah, whither bend our steps? What fearful wilds are these?

Moses. Fear not, for God will guide. A safe asylum in the deserts of Arabia our God has promised. There sacrifice devout he deigns to order. Let every son of Israel, with offerings, his heart devote to God Almighty.

Esther. Yet behold, with billows rolling, the Red Sea before us.

Moses. What then?

Esther. I see not whither now thou guid'st our onward journey. Our passage the waters dispute; then where and how shall we pursue our way?

Moses. Jehovah is guide.

Aaron. Th' Almighty goes before us.

Moses. When He has promised, who is so bold that he shall dare to doubt Him.

Aaron. To open to our feet paths broad and easy, is but a trifle before his power almighty.

Moses. Then away with anxious fear. With holy dependence, fervent prayers to God, come, let us offer, His divine power and love humbly adoring.

PRAYER. — *Moses, Aaron, Esther, Chorus.*

Moses. Oh Thou, whose pow'r tremendous
Uphold'st the starry sky,
Thy grace preserving send us —
To Thee, O Lord, we cry.
Aaron. From wilds of fearful error,
Wherein we darkly stray,
Oppress'd with doubt and terror,
For saving aid we pray.
Esther. O God of mercy, hear us —
Our pains, our sorrow see;
Thy healing pity spare us,
And bring us home to Thee.

SCENA.

Aaron. What noise is this? What tumult?

Chorus. Ah, see!

Aaron. From yonder mountain what mighty host descendeth?

Esther. Ah, who will save us? 'Tis Pharaoh that pursues.

Chorus of Women. This is the aid thy God will bestow —

Chorus of Men. Now let Him show the favor promised.

Moses. Oh, faithless people! And dare ye His truth to question, whose pow'r, in your defence, wonders unnumbered hath freely wrought?

Chorus of Men. Still the host advances.

Women. O folly, that we believed thy word.

Esther. O hapless Israel, what wretched fate is thine.

Moses. Be silent, ye cowards — behold the love of God, and admire His endless might!

(*The sea divides.*)

Chorus Oh, mighty power! Lo, the waves divide!

Moses. Let each one follow. In vain, baffled by Jehovah, shall th' Egyptian tyrant hope again on us to rivet his odious bondage.

Pharaoh. They have escaped — and see how wond'rous.

Nicaule. Through the billows they tread their way.

Pharaoh. Shall this insolent magician thus escape my rightful vengeance?

Nicaule. Yes, the God of Israel wills it; He His people hath defended.

Pharaoh. No! I will pursue the murd'rer, who a father's heart hath tortured.

Nicaule. Nay, ne'er tempt the angry billows!

Pharaoh. We shall reach him.

Nicaule. No, never!

Pharaoh. We will slay each coward Hebrew; come, follow me!

Nicaule. Stay, stay!

[*The Egyptians enter the sea, and the waters return over them.*]

SYMPHONY.